

THE GATEWAY

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SIX PAGES

Pol. Science Club Sponsors Party Speakers at U. of A.

Coldwell to Discuss Post-War Problems

Mr. M. J. Coldwell, National Leader of the C.C.F., will address the Political Science Club in Med 142 on the evening of Monday, Nov. 22, at 8 p.m. He will speak on the policies and program of the C.C.F., with special emphasis on problems of post-war planning.

Mr. Coldwell was born in England in 1888, and received his education there. He came of a well-to-do family and received a thorough education. Being very capable, a brilliant career was open to him in England, but he preferred to come to the Canadian prairies and teach school. Thus he arrived in Canada at the age of 22.

In the 1920's Mr. Coldwell began to become prominent in public life. He has been, in the past, President of the Saskatchewan Teachers' Alliance and of the Canadian Teachers' Federation. He has also held a number of prominent civic positions in Regina.

Mr. Coldwell embraced the principles of the C.C.F. on its formation in 1933. First he ran for the Saskatchewan Provincial Legislature in 1934, but was defeated. However, in the following year he won the federal seat of Rosetown-Biggar for the C.C.F.

Even before this he had been elected national secretary of the C.C.F. Upon the retirement of Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, Mr. Coldwell became the national leader of the party.

Everybody is welcome to this meeting. It is an opportunity to meet a prominent figure in Canada's political life that no student should miss. The executive of the Political Science Club feels that this address is sure to prove a real treat.

C.C.F. LEADER



M. J. Coldwell is the national leader of the C.C.F. party in Canada. A past-president of the Sask. Teachers' Alliance, and of the Canadian Teachers' Federation, Mr. Coldwell first joined the C.C.F. party on its formation in 1933. He will present his party's policies in an address to the Political Science Club, Nov. 22.

Kiddies' Party Makes Ed. Club Lose Inhibitions

On Tuesday, Nov. 16, the "Education Wing" of St. Joe's was the scene of an historic Kiddies' Party, which really brought the Ed Clubbers together. The first problem which arose was that of becoming conditioned to, shall we say, the altered visual aspects of most of the persons present. For instance, one doesn't usually think of Blue Rompers any more when Rosborough fits past; nor yet is one accustomed to seeing red upon encountering Cloney; and as for Green Shorts — well, even Fisher looks different when clad in same.

A series of games requiring great perceptual-motor skill were played. These included such classics as hopscotch, jacks, marbles, and skipping — the latter starring Sylph Callaway (also in blue rompers). "Rhythmic Teacher" LaZerte could be seen explaining the theory of permutations and combinations—or, "How to Win at X's and O's." At the same time, History Teacher Argue was deeply engrossed in a game of marbles.

After going in and out the Windows, Farmer in the Dell-ing, and London Bridge etc. etc.-ing, the kids parked on the floor, and a Quiz Program sponsored by Bilge, the new Brushless Dentifrice which leaves your teeth, was committed. This took the form of a radio production, resplendent with limping limericks (both fore and aft), rendered (or rent) by choristers Tanner, Rosie Gibson and Fisher; Announcer Yates; and Bilge, plug, and Mike (Toma). Stars of this event were Rosborough and Soby, answering

A joint meeting of the Political Science Club and the Public Speaking Club was held on Thursday, Nov. 11, in Med 142, with Mrs. F. Casselman, Liberal M.P. for East Edmonton, as guest speaker. Les Drayton, president of the Political Science Club, acted as chairman, and the speaker was introduced by Dr. Misener, who congratulated the club on the formation of this non-partisan series of talks, and who voiced her pleasure at having the opportunity of introducing one of the few women who have had the honor of being members of the Dominion Government.

Mrs. Casselman presented a very interesting and enlightening talk on some of the policies of the Liberal party, and stated some of the post-war reconstruction problems confronting Canada and the world. She impressed the fact that the winning of the war was the first thing to be taken into consideration at the moment, but that some post-war planning now was also essential. She pointed out the problems of forming some workable world organization which would not only have the faith of all the nations, but would also have the power with which to enforce its decisions. In this regard, the speaker pointed to the Canadian-U.S. arbitration agreements as one example of things which it would be wise to remember at the peace table.

On the home front, Mrs. Casselman pointed to some of the work being done now to ensure employment, prosperity and happiness in Canada after the war. In this regard she mentioned such things as the Unemployment Insurance Act, the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Act, the work being done in the way of public health to widen the scope of medical and dental treatment by way of state medicine, and also the help to be given returned men and women in the matter of education, both formal and technical, and in financing a system of loans to be given to those who wish to return to or take up farming.

The speech was followed by a very lively question and discussion period, in which many pertinent points were brought to light.

After the meeting, a reception was held in honor of Mrs. Casselman in St. Stephen's College, where a lunch was served and where the discussion was continued on a less formal basis.

The next meeting will be held on Nov. 22, with Mr. Coldwell, national leader of the C.C.F., as guest speaker.

the \$64.00 and the \$32.00 questions respectively.

Next, each group (according to year) produced a skit. Dr. Argue adjudicating. These included an impromptu effort on the part of the fourth year stogues, where "Tillie Fosskett, Gibson and Parsons starred admirably as explosions; Dr. LaZerte asked embarrassing questions, and the adjudicator classed it as a stupendous and colossal disappointment.

The second-year children revived the proverbial little red schoolhouse—a plea for progressive education, with Professor Solberg leading by two lengths. It was, and I quote, "greatly enjoyed by all participating." End of quotation.

The third-year production was entitled simply, "Clementine's Sister"—a moving melodrama beyond description. Conspicuous in their highly picturesque roles were Clementine Fisher, now a delectable binder-twine blonde; Forty-Minor Miller, Swain Lehmann; Narrator Oswald, and Sweater-Gin Gander, whose artistic embodiment of line, form and color were inspirational to behold—out of this world.

The winners of the "Drinker Drama Cup" were the first-year group. Their production was entitled "The Fatal Princess." This would be classed as tragedy. King Bratrud gave us, quote, "an insight into stern reality," unquote, as catastrophe piled upon catastrophe. Curtain Haynes rose admirably to the situation, while Dook Jaque wooed Princess Rosborough with great depth of feeling.

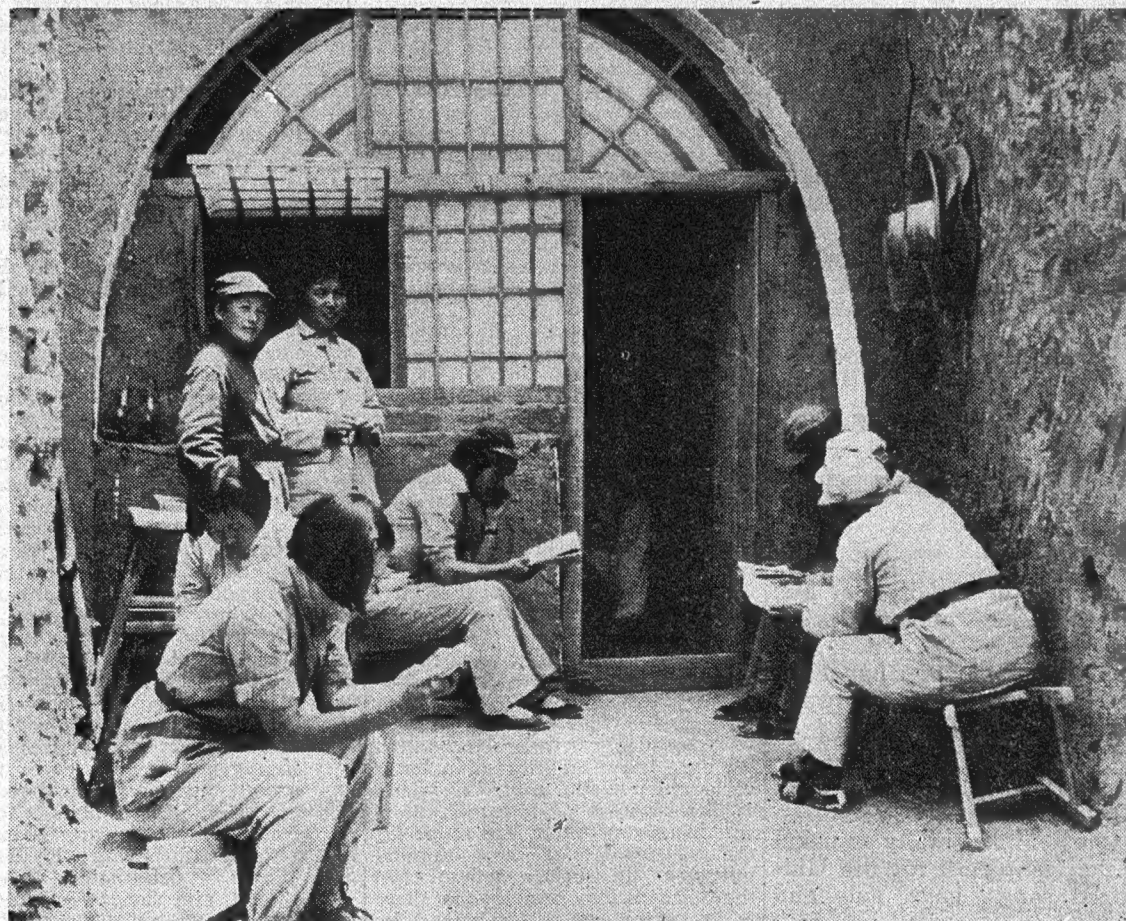
Highlights of the evening were doughnuts and chocolate milk. A word of tribute is due to the social conveners, Tregale and Bearisto, and the Ed Club executive for removing inhibitions and mixing prospective pedagogues so effectively and in such a highly enjoyable manner. Amen.

"Things to Come" Series Postponed

The CBC has announced that the series "Of Things to Come," formerly scheduled to begin on Tuesday, November 16, at 8:30 p.m., has been postponed until the following Tuesday, November 23, at 9:00 p.m. Arrangements as to what stations in Alberta will carry the series are still indefinite, since most stations had made previous commitments for the nine o'clock period. Look for further information in next week's Gateway.

"Student to Student Two-Bits" Big Success

I.S.S. OFFERS INVALUABLE ASSISTANCE TO CHINESE STUDENTS



Chinese co-eds pore over their textbooks before the entrance of the air-raid shelter cave which houses their university. Caves like these are unimpregnable to bombs, and so, when Japanese bombers are overhead, the students retreat into them to continue their studies. Driven from their campuses, 770 Chinese schools and 120 colleges and universities have moved more than 2,000 miles into the interior of Free China to continue their work under the most primitive conditions and in constant danger from Japanese bombardment. Yet enrolment is higher than before the war. Among these uprooted schools are 11 of the 13 Christian Colleges in China.

Music Club to Meet Nov. 28

The second meeting of the University Musical Club will be held on November 28th rather than on the 21st, as previously announced. A group of well-known Edmonton artists, including Prof. Nichols, Bernice McBeth, Jack Williams, Frances Kitchen, Lucille Cote, and Frances Neilson will present the program, which will be devoted to works by British composers. Dr. Tracy will read a brief paper on English music in general. Further details will be published later in the week.

Free Christmas Cards

This year the booksellers and stationers throughout Canada are trying to raise one million dollars through the sale of war savings stamps. If you buy your war savings stamps, a cheque for \$2.00 to Maj.-Gen. W. W. Foster, D.S.O., V.D., special commissioner for military projects in the north-west, for the purchase of a canteen for the Canadian Army.

Maj.-Gen. Foster Receives Cheque; Treasurer Presents Annual Budget

At the annual Students' Union budget meeting Saturday in Convocation Hall, Lloyd Grisdale, last year's president of the Students' Council, presented a cheque for \$2,000 to Maj.-Gen. W. W. Foster, D.S.O., V.D., special commissioner for military projects in the north-west, for the purchase of a canteen for the Canadian Army.

This money was raised by voluntary subscriptions of the students and faculty. Gen. Foster was told. In the last three years, approximately \$12,000 has been contributed towards the war effort by students. In the chair for the meeting was President Gerry Amerongen of the Students' Council, who called upon President Robert Newton to introduce Gen. Foster to the audience of some 500 Varsity students. General Foster told the students that the cheque indicated they were doing their part in the war effort, and congratulated them in behalf of the Canadian Army for their efforts in raising the money.

The next item that was dealt with was the presentation of the budget to the Union by Treasurer Murphy. Perhaps the effort of keeping still for half-an-hour was too great for a number of students, and so, immediately the guest of honor left the auditorium, the heckling began. Between barrages of paper airplanes made from the mimeographed budget forms which had been distributed at the entrances, Murphy told those who wanted to hear just how their money was being spent for this coming year. You will find the budget in detail elsewhere in this edition. Murphy's fans in the gallery were not even squelched by Amerongen's "Would the gentlemen

Frosh Show Up Senior Elections; Randle Wins By Large Margin

This year's crop of Freshmen decided to show up the Senior's half-hearted proceedings in their election, when they elected their own executive this week. It was one of the most hectic campaigns on record with three slates nominated by various groups on the campus. The Fresh executive consists, with one lone exception, entirely of Engineers, the only way we can account for this phenomenon is that the Engineers turned out at all the polls even unto the last man, and of course voted for the Engineers. Just goes to show that someone around here used their vote.

The new Freshman President is John A. Randle, who polled 124 votes against his opponents, Michael O'Byrne with 84 and Bill Stemp with 89. The vice-presidency was hotly contested by five candidates; Bob Brown took the office with 88 votes, and the choice was fairly divided among the other candidates: Marg Hunter, Eileen Hustler, Norma Riatt and Mark Stringham. Three men battled for the position of secretary-treasure, Dick McEwen, Everett Shiplett and John Towers. Towers won with a poll of 123 votes. There were nine candidates for the three executive desks: Bruce Allsopp (121), Barbara Bunn (132), Art Kemsley (138),

Murray Stewart (118—almost dead it), Brian Dunsen, Doris Kerr, Maurice Lamoureux, Lloyd MacLean, Jerry Ross.

The campaign lasted for three or four days previous to the elections, and featured a broadcasting car, operating in the interests of the "4F's," a slate consisting of Engineers, whose only plank in the platform was "For Finer Freshman Functions." This contraption cruised about the campus, singing the praises of the 4F's.

Meanwhile a salo(o)n group held forth in the Arts rotunda, beating out eight to the bar with a bull fiddle, a set of traps and a trumpet played by people who just got organized for the occasion. They were boosting "Random Rep," a slate composed of representatives from a number of faculties.

Not to be forgotten or overlooked were the numerous election posters plastered on Varsity walls, and even hung on the groaning sides of the long-suffering University bus.

The vote was approximately 300, so most of the Freshman class turned out at the polls. This election certainly shows that there is still some Varsity spirit on this campus; in spite of what some have said, the Freshmen have what it takes.

Batten Feels Criticism Unfair

(Via C.U.P.)

The resignation of Chuck Batten, president of the Music Directorate, tendered to the Students' Representative Council executive last week and referred to the Council for consideration at their meeting, was rejected Tuesday at a special meeting on the following grounds:

(1) That criticism launched by the administration towards the activities of the Music Directorate does not constitute a lack of confidence in the policies and activities of the Music Directorate on the part of the S.R.C.

(2) That unwarranted interference by the administration in purely student affairs and activities does not meet with the approval of the S.R.C.

(3) That any official criticism of any student directorate will be presented through the S.R.C. Mr. Batten's resignation was presented to the S.R.C. last week following "criticism which I (Mr. Batten) feel to be both unwarranted and unbearable." In his statement to the S.R.C. he said that he had "continually encountered opposition and criticism which leaves no other course of action open to me." He further stated that the activities of the Music Directorate had been labelled as unsuitable to the type of music which should be fostered in a university.

Mr. Batten was granted permission to continue with his arrangements for an Operetta, and announced that a casting meeting will be held at 3:30 o'clock Friday in Convocation Hall.

DRAFTING INSTRUMENTS

Drafting instruments found by lockers in Arts basement Wednesday. Call for at Gateway office.

Major War Drive Committee Entertains Dale Brown, Sect. I.S.S., Visitor at University

Tag Day For I.S.S., This Year's Major War Drive, Raises \$250 Wednesday Morning

MONEY RAISED WILL HELP STUDENTS WHO ARE PRISONERS OF WAR TO CONTINUE THEIR STUDIES DURING INTERNMENT PERIOD

Not many students escaped the onslaught of taggers on Wednesday morning when the I.S.S. Major War Drive dashed into the first lap of its reckless race for funds. With the P.A. system blaring th slogan, "Student to Student—Two Bits" all over the campus, and bustling co-eds waving boxes oozing with dollar bills under the noses of all who unfortunately found themselves in their path, everyone was fully aware that something important was cooking around Varsity. A systematic canvass of all campus buildings, including those whose walls bore notices, "No Canvassers Allowed," revealed surprising generosity on the part of students, faculty and office workers alike. Chairman Jack Garvin was seen to be sprinting madly to all corners of the campus and back again bearing heavy boxes, jingling with silver. At the end of the day, he proclaimed the net result of the morning's transactions to be the remarkable sum of \$250. This total is \$130 above that obtained on any previous Varsity tag day.

On Wednesday morning, Nov. 17, Mr. Dale Brown arrived in Edmonton to visit the University. Mr. Brown is the National Secretary for the International Student Service in Canada, and is employed in visiting Axis prison camps throughout the country for the purpose of making available educational facilities to the prisoners. This Student Service is a world-wide organization whose aim is to offer intellectual occupation to men who would otherwise have no chance to keep up mental development during the time spent in camps.

The Major War Time Committee entertained Mr. Brown Wednesday evening at dinner at the Corona. Pat Routledge, Vice-President of the Students' Union, and Jack Garvin, Chairman of the Committee, were in charge of arrangements. Gerry Amerongen, President of the Union, and Prof. Andrew Stewart were also

Dept. Extension Receives Thanks

Some months ago the Department of Extension of the University of Alberta received a request from the Methodist Church of New Zealand for a copy of the film "The Shining Century." This was a film of a pageant staged in Edmonton's Victoria Park on May 24, 1940, the year marking the centenary of the arrival of Robert Rundle, the first protestant missionary in Alberta. The pageant, from a script written for the occasion by the Rev. J. T. Stephens, was directed by Mrs. Gwen Pharis Ringwood, then of the Department of Extension, and filmed by Mr. H. P. Brown of the same Department. A crowd estimated at six thousand saw the pageant, which depicted the life of the pioneer missionary, his work among the Indians at Fort Edmonton, his faith, aspirations and courage.

A letter has just been received by Mr. Brown from the Rev. George Laurens, General Superintendent of Missions in the New Zealand Methodist Church, who tells of the many expressions of appreciation which have been made upon the occasions of the picture's showing in New Zealand. It is very gratifying that the University of Alberta is able to assist in work being carried on in a place as far distant as New Zealand.

C.U.P. Admits French-Canadian Member, Laval U.

Kingston, Nov. 13 (C.U.P.) — Le Carabin, weekly publication of Laval University, Quebec City, has been officially admitted as a full member of the Canadian University Press. This was announced by Ken Phin, of the Queen's Journal, president of the C.U.P.

Phin stated: "The national executive of the organization was very glad to welcome the new participant, especially as Le Carabin was now the only full-fledged French Canadian member. Since the C.U.P. aims to promote friendship and understanding among all Canadian colleges, it is naturally interested in having full representation of the French Canadian journals. It is to be hoped that others will soon follow the example of Le Carabin."

present. Later in the evening a meeting of all presidents of campus clubs and fraternities was held in the Senate Chamber. Here Mr. Brown emphasized the need for raising money on Canadian University campuses in order that our own prisoners of war in Germany and Japan might be supplied with books and laboratory equipment. It is hoped that, as a result of this meeting, a list of the names of prisoners of war who are former students of our University may be drawn up and forwarded to the I.S.S. office in Toronto. The Secretary pointed out that the total money raised in all countries is pooled in Geneva, Switzerland, and from there is sent out to the various locations where it is needed. Only a fairly small proportion of the money is used on this continent; the bulk is utilized in Europe and the Far East.

On Thursday morning, Mr. Brown was introduced to Dr. Newton and Dr. MacEachran, Provost, by Hart Cantelon. That evening he spoke to the Students' Council in the Senate Chamber, followed by a similar meeting with the S.C.M. By means of the above-mentioned functions, it is hoped that the I.S.S. Secretary will have imparted sufficient knowledge of his organization to key students in the University that they may spread the word over the campus of the importance of the Major War Drive for this year.

Members of the War Drive Committee are: Jack Garvin, Chairman, Roy Davidson, Hart Cantelon, Jane Sinclair, and Elizabeth Skenfield.

House Ec. Girls See Movie Filmed, Made in Alberta

On Tuesday at 10 a.m., a moving picture, filmed, produced and captioned in Alberta, was shown to classes of fifth year Nurses and House Ecceers. After several difficulties in getting a long enough extension for the projecting machine, the show was under way. It was an account of the Lamont Health Nutrition Camp, held for six weeks during July and August of this year. It was a project in which many departments of the Provincial Government helped the Lamont Health Unit. The object was to give six weeks of camp life under supervision to thirty boys who were undernourished.

The citizens of Lamont helped to build the camp at Elk Island Park. A power unit was supplied by the Department of Extension. Farmers of the district helped with the supply of food. The site was a beautiful one. A competent staff was in readiness to meet the fortunate thirty who were chosen.

The pictures, in color, showed the boys as they came to camp, rather shy and self-conscious. They were shown in their tents, where they were to sleep on hay-filled ticks on the board floors. The boys did a good many of the necessary chores about the camp—doing their own washing, peeling potatoes and the like. Their day was well planned from start to finish. Rest periods were provided, and activities were not as strenuous in the first weeks as they became later. The boys played dodge ball, volleyball and baseball. Meals were planned by a dietitian from the Department of Agriculture. Miss Coburn gave lectures to visitors on nutrition. Dr. Bow and Dr. Longman headed the staff.

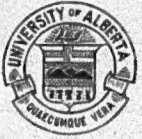
Besides sports and games, the boys engaged in other pastimes, such as soap-carving, modelling of airplanes and canoes. Each morning there was a flag-raising ceremony before breakfast. Miss Olive Barnes was the physical education director of the camp and evidently gave the boys a good time in their sports and swimming periods.

On Visitors' Day, Premier Manning, Dr. Newton, Mr. Low, Dr. McNally and other people interested in the project came to see how the camp was being conducted, and what improvement there was in the general health and spirits of the boys. At the end of the six weeks it is reported that there were one hundred and forty pounds more boy.

NEWMAN CLUB

The Newman Club will hold a meeting Sunday evening at 7:30 in the Library of St. Joseph's College. All members are asked to attend.

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"HOW TO STUDY"

University of Alberta students are fortunate in having a faculty that is really interested in student welfare. The "How to Study" series which is being sponsored by the Freshman Committee for Freshmen is meeting with widespread approval. The students who have been attending these meetings feel that they have gained a great deal from the time spent. It has been suggested by some of the Senior students that similar provisions be made for their welfare. In spite of the extra year or two of University training, the Seniors feel that they still have a great deal to learn in the technique of studying and exam-writing. We feel that they have an excellent argument, for it is their last year in Varsity, and the success and failure of their whole term here hinges on passing this last year with acceptable marks. Since these classes are being held in the amphitheatre in the Medical Building where there is ample room, and since the sessions are not crowded, perhaps it would be possible for interested Senior students to quietly intrude themselves or get permission to audit the discussions, and so learn what the professors expect of the students when they write an exam.

MAJOR WAR DRIVE

The combined enthusiasm of the students conducting the International Student Service campaign and the students supporting the drive resulted in one of the best tag days the Varsity has had for a long time. The money will go to help students in other lands, and perhaps the knowledge of this fact was what gave the drive its power. Most of the students caught the "Student to Student—Two Bits" idea, and readily dug down and supplied the necessary coin.

The drive is not the only feature of the International Student Service Campaign; Dale Brown, National Secretary for the I.S.S., is also visiting the campus. It is very unfortunate that Mr. Brown will not be able to address the student body, for we are sure that what he would be able to tell us would be informative and would help the War Drive Committee to make their work a success. Mr. Brown will only meet a few of the student members, but it is hoped that through these few students others will learn of what Mr. Brown had to say.

EDITORIAL SQUIB

Within a relatively short time I expect fighting to be over on the German front. Victory is approaching speedily, and we shall not have much longer to wait for it. And out of these stormy times, our Republic will arise once again. Once again we shall win our struggle for liberation as we did in 1918, and once again we shall set to work to reconstruct our home, our country. We shall enter the second quarter of a century of the Republic. And here I would most urgently desire us to bear the following well in mind: the new Republic will be considerably rebuilt in the social, economic and political spheres. I should like the new government, immediately

News and Views
From Other U's

Quentin Reynolds

The most adventurous and famed journalist of these times, Quentin Reynolds, is to receive a degree at the University of Western Ontario. The degree is an honorary one, that of Doctor of Laws, and is given to him because he has so "vigorously espoused the cause of Britain and her Allies and has led all the United States writers in expounding it in papers, periodicals and books."

Engineers' Queen

At the University of Utah, the Engineers have chosen a queen to reign over their annual engineering festivities. She is being closely guarded, as it seems to be the tradition for the Meds and Lawyers to try to whisk her away from under the very slide rules of the forty-beer men.

Junior Prom

Xavier Cugat, Freddy Slack and Sammy Kaye are three of the "Big Name" bands which are being contacted for the Junior Promenade at the University of Utah.

University Chancellor

It has been announced at McGill that Mr. Morris W. Wilson, president and managing director of the Royal Bank of Canada, has been appointed to the position of Chancellor of the University. He succeeds Sir Edward Beatty, who served as Chancellor for the 23 years preceding his recent death.

College Follies

Follies of 1943 was held at Varsity as usual this year. It was the eighteenth for the University, and featured songs, gags, gals and dancing.

Redmen

A powerful Air Force squad handed the McGill gridders a 7-4 defeat to blast any hopes the Redmen had of winning the Q.R.F.U. championship. McGill was leading in the last quarter 4-2, but a forward pass which went for a touchdown gave the Airmen their margin of victory.

Blood

The enrolment of 100 per cent of the physically fit students of the University of Toronto as Red Cross blood donors is the objective of the Students' Administrative Council.

Paper Prom

Two magazines and a man were required by Sadie Hawkins when she presented herself at the door to the Paper Prom at Manitoba. Corsets for the boys were on sale, and took the form of War Savings stamps. The magazines were for the armed forces.

ON WAR AIMS

"Through the years of struggle for democracy I have maintained a position which I have never changed, and which I do not wish in any way to change today: that the ideals of democracy must of necessity prevail and will prevail when this great struggle for a new Europe and a new world is done. Since the beginning of the present war I have seen this struggle as a fight: first, for moral values embodied in the democratic way of life; second, for a new social and economic order on the European Continent; third, for the securing of permanent peace; and fourth, for the political reorganization of Europe and of the world."—Dr. Edouard Benes, President of the Czechoslovak Republic.

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan, to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."—Abraham Lincoln, Second Inaugural Address.

after the fall of Germany, to lay down a new program, reaching considerably into the future, a program in which would be included a special five-year plan and which it would consistently and in a planned and systematic fashion, begin to build up step by step. In each separate sector of national life in the Republic, we shall set up, at the very beginning, a planning office and in view of the fact that for a number of years we shall continue to have a united government representing the whole national front, the whole nation will democratically carry out the new planning of the life of the state.—Dr. Edouard Benes.

The Future of The Germans

A small despatch from Stockholm on Monday reports, from the Berlin correspondent of a Swedish newspaper, that the forty-sixth birthday of Goebbels was celebrated by a party attended by Gestapo Chief Himmler, Munitions Chief Speer and by Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz. The occasion was not mentioned in the German press.

The navy, however, was Pan-German in the sense of the "All-deutsche Verband" and was for the union of all Germans from the Balkans to Brazil.

There were two psychological reasons for the German navy's virulent Pan-Germanism. It had a double inferiority complex toward the army, always more popular with the people, representing in their minds, the defense of the homeland, and toward the British with their command of the seven seas. At home, in both Kaiserreich and Weimar Republic, the popular tendency was to regard the navy as a luxury. The navy sought to overcome this by pleading necessity and promising grandiose opportunities.

—Dorothy Thompson.

The really important difference between Mr. Anders and Mr. Lionel Gelber is that Mr. Gelber wants Germany disunited after this war and Mr. Anders does not. For the determination of this question it does not seem to matter much whether Germany was unified by moral means or by immoral ones. Our own conviction is that it has been unified, and cannot very well be disunited. Unification has made it a very powerful nation. We should not object to that, if it were not so constantly "at the disposal" of immoral rulers, and so little inclined to extricate itself from that condition because of their immorality. We hope to see an international set-up in which even a unified Germany at the disposal of immoral rulers will have very much less scope for the achievement of their immoral purposes. In such a set-up even the Germans may perceive that there is no advantage to be gained by placing themselves at the disposal of immoral rulers.

—Saturday Night Editorial.

The United Kingdom, the United States and the Soviet Union have received from many quarters evidence of atrocities, massacres and cold-blooded mass executions which are being perpetrated by Hitlerite forces in many of the countries they have overrun, and from which they are now being steadily expelled. The brutalities of Nazi domination are no new thing, and all peoples or territories in their grip have suffered from the worst form of government by terror. What is new is that many of these territories are now being redeemed by the advancing armies of the liberating powers and that in their desperation the receding Hitlerites and Huns are redoubling their ruthless cruelties. This is now evidenced with particular clearness by non-stop crimes on the territory of the Soviet Union which is being liberated from Hitlerites, and on French and Italian territory.

Accordingly, the aforesaid three Allied powers, speaking in the in-

terests of the thirty-two United Nations, hereby solemnly declare and give full warning of their declaration as follows:

At the time of granting of any armistice to any government which may be set up in Germany, these German officers and men and members of the Nazi party who have been responsible for or have taken a consenting part in the above atrocities, massacres and executions will be sent back to the countries in which their abominable deeds were done in order that they may be judged and punished according to the laws of these liberated countries and of the free governments which will be erected therein.

—Joint Communiqué issued from Moscow, signed by Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin.

Lord Vansittart has held positions of great importance under all British political parties and belongs to none.

For forty years his message to British Governments has been that Germany is mortally dangerous. He is now tremendously concerned to say that, unless we all read correctly the lesson of German development since 1860—the lesson of his life to which the title refers—Germany will be terribly dangerous to us all when this war is over. Vansittartism, which he disclaims as a doctrine but accepts wryly, as a label, is not a program of extermination, or, he maintains, persecution or brutality. Its primary thesis is that we are not justified in drawing a distinction between Nazis and Germans. That there are "good" Germans he willingly grants. ("I have taken the percentage of good Germans at 25.") His point is that they are utterly ineffective ("Seventy-five per cent of Germans have for seventy-five years—the figures are easy to remember—been eager for any assault on their neighbors").

The corollary of this thesis is that all Germans who count are German militarists first, believing with Harden, "Force, a fiat, that is everything," and are clergymen, intellectuals, liberals, socialists, revolutionists or whatever second. The "myth of the two Germans" is the one that he fears.

The origins of the world's miseries are manifold, but there is one preponderant cause. It is the myth of the two Germans. According to our Confident Amateurs, the Germany of their dreams is always just around the corner, and about to take charge. This childishness has conducted generations of us to our doom. Yet it is on this discredited myth that our propagandists base their output. The other Germany is not waiting around the corner. It has got to be created. If we cling to the old delusion, we shall lose the peace.

In chapters which are packed with evidence the author treats one by one the groups in Germany, which, various people hope, will create a different Germany. He finds no ground for such hope. The mistake of last time, he insists, was believing that the Weimar Republic was "good". He points out that it was hand-in-glove with the mili-

OTTAWA CALLING - - -

Refugees and Immigration

Ed. Note: Mr. MacDonald is a graduate of Victoria College, Toronto, employed with the WPTB, Personnel Division, at Ottawa. In his syndicated weekly column, Ottawa Calling, he writes on the behind-the-scenes aspects of Canadian wartime government.

By NEIL MacDONALD

If Maurice Duplessis did nothing else in his speech of Nov. 7 at Ste. Claire, he brought out into the open the discussion about Canada's post-war immigration policy. For those who are interested, his speech points out at least one of the probable trends of propaganda against such action as the current petition or refugees advocates.

Mr. Duplessis displayed to his audience a photostat of a letter allegedly addressed to Rabbi J. Schwartz of Montreal by a Zionist organization, outlining plans to settle 100,000 Jewish refugees from Central Europe on Quebec farms. According to the speaker, the letter implicated certain Liberal politicians.

It should, of course, be pointed out that the authenticity of the letter has been questioned. It is stated that there is no such person as the H. L. Roscovitz who signed it.

Whether Mr. Duplessis is completely assured in his own mind that the letter is genuine is unimportant; what matters is the undoubted fact that his action in broadcasting such a report throughout Quebec may have removed the last hope that remains of freedom to the hundred or so Jews smuggled through France to Spain or Portugal. Whatever Mr. Duplessis believes, his words brought comfort to our enemies.

The Department of Mines and Resources, by some whim of Ottawa's peacetime bureaucracy, is responsible for Immigration. Its Minister, the Hon. T. A. Crerar, issued an immediate denial of any official backing of Mr. Duplessis' charges, but the matter rested there. No counter-publicity was issued, and the Canadian government has yet to take any action on the request of these unfortunates for admittance to Canada.

The reason, of course, is practical politics. Immigration is political dynamite, and the Liberal government does not intend to handle any explosives which are not related to the war. The government is aware of the hostility-apathy facing it at present in Canada and such a move as Mr. Duplessis', and the cheers with which it was greeted, serve only to confirm it in its intended course of action.

Like the rest of the post-war planning, the problem of immigration is going to be shelved until the war is over. Cabinet Ministers have enough difficulties confronting them at present in their own constituencies without going out of their way to make political capital for someone else.

Of course, a decision will have to be taken some day. Canada will be forced, by the example of others if nothing else, to discard her attitude on this question and take positive action. It is only a few weeks since Ottawa's air was full of speculative propaganda for raising the bars on Chinese immigration. Like this later case, the problem was quietly shelved because of its political repercussions on the west coast, however.

One should add that the time for action on this kind of problem is now, while the time is still available.

correspondence

From the East . . .

Chatham, N.B.

Dear Editor:

I have been receiving The Gateway for some time, and thought I'd drop you a line to show my appreciation.

I have been on "ops" down here for several years, but I can still remember the good times I had in good old U. of A.

I'm sorry to hear about Marcel Lambert being a prisoner of war now, but am afraid there will be lots more like him.

Why did you stop good old Cas-serole? Too much criticism?

Please forward my Gateway to R.C.A.F. Station, Chatham, N.B.

Sincerely,
(Sgd.) F/O C. R. DIXON.

. . . To the West

Coal Harbour, B.C.

Dear Sir:

Your kindness in sending me The Gateway for the past two years is very much appreciated. Unfortunately, due to many changes of address on my part, your valuable paper has taken a long time to reach me of late.

Would you be so kind as to change my mailing address to the one above. Needless to say, other Albertans in these parts also enjoy your courtesy in sending The Gateway, as each copy is passed on several times. It definitely has a place in our off-duty hours.

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) R. F. L. HANNA,
Flying Officer.

tarists from the beginning. He would welcome regeneration in Germany from the left, he says, and examines that possibility as the core of the problem. He finds it nonexistent.

—Byron Dexter reviewing Vansittart's "Lessons of My Life."

"Is Germany incurable?" Lord Vansittart and I were in opposition, because we approached the question differently. Lord Vansittart concentrated on Germany herself. To my mind the German question is only part of the whole European question, and, above all, part of the Anglo-American and Russian question.

The thesis of my last column was that we misestimated Russia militarily and politically, perhaps because our leaders are hypnotized by the concept of this war as a continuation and repetition of the last one, the assumption being that the west would alone determine both the military and political outcome.

—Dorothy Thompson in The Bulletin.

The three-Power "Statement on Atrocities" issued as one of the Moscow declarations, makes a significant distinction between two classes of war criminals who in due season will come into Allied hands. There are, first, "those German officers and men and members of the Nazi party who have been responsible for or have taken a consenting part in atrocities, massacres and executions." These men will be sent back to the countries where their offences were committed, "in order that they may be judged and punished according to the laws of those liberated countries and of the free governments which will be erected therein." This should mean that they will have the right to be represented by counsel, to produce witnesses and evidence in their own behalf and to be set free if their guilt cannot be established. It is not likely that the guilty will escape, as they did in the war guilt trials held in Germany after the last war. The Nazi crimes were not committed in the dark. As at Lidice, they boasted of them.

The second class of war criminals are those "whose offenses have no particular geographical localization and who will be punished by joint decision of the Governments of the Allies." Hitler, Goering and Himmler belong in this category. Their crimes, and those of some others, cover the face of Europe, the seas and the islands in the seas. No evidence is required to establish their guilt, beyond the evidence of

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Co-ed Parade

The Hoarse Laffs . . .

Thought it was about time The Gateway columnists were brought up with a jerk. (What Jerk brought you up, Yehudi?) Some of the futile attempts at writing in this paper are nauseating. If you don't agree with me, take a look at the columns. The Pink Pills discovered by the military geni will not be strong enough to keep you feeling fit.

You probably fall over yourself in your hurry to read Slide Rule Slants. On the whole, this is the least sickening column, and at times it is almost amusing. The poor misguided soul who scribbles it seems to be under the delusion that Engineers do nothing but stamp around in high boots, swearing lustily, stopping only to gargle beer out of one of the forty bottles hidden about his person. His column reflects this adolescent attitude. Little does he know that after graduation he will be found, not building bridges in the wild and woolly Argentine, but sitting behind a civilized desk, drawing neat plans. Nevertheless, keep trying, and when you are a little older, your column may be (maybe) fairly good. The Critic's Column takes up a great deal of room—too much. It is irritatingly dogmatic, and leaves no room for debate. The less said about this bumptious brain-child the better.

As for that self-important Yehudi, who doesn't even bother to get his facts straight, but spends his time meddling with other affairs—all that hot air deserves to be caught in the next draft. Though most of his chatter is strictly on the cob, there are one or two bright spots. On closer examination, however, these either prove to be lies or borrowings from Ogden Nash and other great poets. So far, this "Great Unknown" has managed to conceal his

identity fairly well, even, it is rumored, hiding behind the skirts of two little seniors on The Gateway staff. The time will come, however, when this man will be known to all. Then a thousand furious females will rend him limb from limb, and he will die a screaming death.

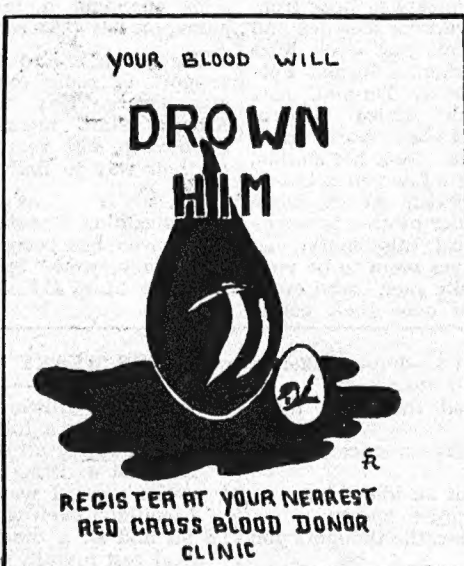
Zadoc and the Deacon delight in an incoherent jargon of misused words. In this respect, Zadoc has it over the Deacon, for there is at least a smattering of wit underneath the Deacon's mumbblings. Reading the senseless drivel of Zadoc puts my mind in a dizzy whirl, worse than any hangover.

Pharmacy Phun is a dainty little bit, obviously written with that light-headed female touch. At times it manages to be amusing, but those occasions are all too rare.

No words could describe my feelings for the column "How to Write." What crass cold-blooded nerve to try to tell others what you so obviously don't understand yourself. The column sounds as if it originated in an antiquated textbook that extolled the virtues of wooden writing. "Add sparkle to your writing by being original." Try it, Julius.

The most horrible column in the paper is without a doubt that on ladies' apparel. The girls here look all right to me as they are, but some ghastly good prophesies that a purple coat lined with black seal will shortly be every girl's dream. (Nightmare is more to the point.) Let me quote once more from the same deluded dearie: "Another dress is pearly color, or speak low yellow" (scream loud orange might be more outstanding!) "It is too short—(too short for what?)—easier to dance in, with ruffles"—ad nauseam.

Well, Zadoc, Deacon, Yehudi, Critic and others, the case is stated. Is there any rebuttal?



red cross

Every day, every month, there are soldiers on the verge of death, whom we, as Varsity students, are able to help. We can do this by giving them our blood. There are lots of healthy men and women around the campus who are willing to give their blood to these men.

And to those of you who wish to do so, the Red Cross has made available the proper facilities at McDougall Church on 101st Street, where there is a regular clinic. The days you may go are Mondays for the women and Tuesdays for the men. And there is a refresher for

coffee, tea and toast, not to mention cookies, before you leave.

After one has given blood three times they are presented with a pin, indicating that one is a regular blood donor. These blood donations are perfectly harmless to the individual, or else the government would not allow it to be done. So don't let that keep anyone back. The age limit has been lowered from 21 years of age to 19 years of age, and that includes most of the second and third year students. But before you go over to the clinic, phone and make an appointment. All in all, it will take up about an hour of your time, which is not very much, and should fit in with many time-tables, and if it won't, you could skip one lecture—just one won't be hard to make up.

The blood you give is separated from the blood cells, frozen and then dried. The dried serum is sealed under vacuum and packed in sterile containers. The complete kit is then ready to be shipped to the front. And it is we Varsity students that the Red Cross is now appealing to for blood—because we are the ones who are best able to give it.

People talk a great deal about idealizing nowadays, whatever that may mean.



JUNIOR PROM

The Junior Prom is in the offing, and all the girls will be stepping out in their prettiest evening gowns and fur wraps. This is a hint as to what will be seen at the dance, and is a superb example of a lovely fur coat and sheer dress. Next week there will be shown some evening shoes that will do justice to this ensemble.

How to Recognize a Wolf

A wolf's whole object from the moment he starts weaving his web (did you know there is actually a wolf tarantula in South America?) is to make his words more attractive than either his face or the principles in which his intended victim believes. There are many, many types of wolves, and the question arises as to whether it would be easier to illustrate those who aren't than those who are. But here again a difficulty would be experienced, for the precise reason that wolves make a point of looking like men who aren't.

Wolves have existed since time immemorial. There are certainly records of their existence in Roman days (Lupus Humana), and it is almost certain that when he first met Cleopatra, Marc Antony intended to be a wolf—but, since Cleopatra also was a wolf, the example is not a good one. A better example is that of Thais and Paphnutius, except that there again, as Anatol France showed so brilliantly, Thais was probably the wolf. Incidentally, never tell a naval man that he is a wolf in ship's clothing; this is not considered a good pun, nor will an R.C.A.F. man like to be told he is a

plane wolf. Wolves use a myriad different approaches, but the more common ones can be recorded. The most usual (strange as it may seem) is the "Approach Clique", others are the "Lure Financial", the "Plea Horrific", the "Jump Royal" (or brutal), the "Caress Paternal", the "Chat Fraternal", the "Shrug Bohemian" and the "Cry Passionate." Above all, be on your guard against the man who says something like this, "Time is fleeting, above all for those of us who are young; things we thought enduring have become transient, swift, sudden—tonight laughter and joy—tomorrow tears and death—these days of youth should be precious for us, we may not have them long—please, please give me something to remember you by."

A type whom it is not easy to categorize is the one who starts with disarming frankness by saying, "Quite frankly, I am a wolf," and then goes on to show you that he is really quite a nice chap. This type can only be described as dreadful and deadly, and if you ever meet it, run—run as fast as you can—run like Jehu.—From "The New World."

FACTORS OF CHARM

By JULIUS

1. Dress carefully and differently. Learn to use variety in your dressing, and remember that the secret of wearing clothes is self-forgetfulness.
2. Good manners is doing the proper thing unconsciously. Learn the right way to introduce people.
3. Have no chips on your shoulder. Don't be over-sensitive. Remember that most snubs are unintentional. Make a check to see that you don't snub anyone.
4. Always feel and act friendly—and circulate.
5. Be yourself. All eyes are not on you.
6. Never be indifferent or bored.
7. Cultivate a sense of humor and talk on a variety of subjects.
8. Listen to other's troubles, but never tell your own.
9. Don't be critical or use sarcasm or ridicule.
10. Remember, everyone can do something well.
11. Make a point of remembering names and faces.
12. Practice your mixing on the people you meet in everyday life. Keep yourself in a "give" not "get" frame of mind.
13. Ask questions. Unable to think of something to say? Ask almost any question. It may be inane, yet revive a conversation.
14. Get the habit of giving compliments—but not so that you expect one in return. Don't be an Indian Giver.

VOX STUDENTI

Oh, Muse of gossipers, lend me your divine aid in uncovering spicy items, 'cause everyone went to Calgary and other uncivilized spots last week-end, and Edmonton Pickin' was very scarce. Life is a bowl of worms!

A pair of rugby pants are hanging forlornly in the north lab, labelled lost (glug, glug). Looks like an intriguing remnant of the Daisy game!

Yehudi's babe has been giving him the cold shoulder lately, and on investigating he found her among the admiring group clustered around Ross McBain and Glen Hutton, who have just returned from overseas. Incidentally, fellows, they passed on some solid English phone numbers.

The appearance of two officers in the House Ec. Lab. the other day caused a riot. The boys were nearly torn to pieces by screaming women. Rosemary and Betty looked on smugly 'cause they knew.

Two lieutenants are making the girls' hearts flutter. George Hardy (who seems to have a fondness for the west coast) and Bill Payne are draping themselves over chairs in Tuck again. Seems like old times to have you back, fellows. There are two naval officers home on leave, Bill Sinclair and George Allin. Glad to see they are taking an interest in Varsity affairs.

Unless you've been under water for the last two weeks, you've naturally heard of the coming Air Force dance. It must be affection that makes the girls date the airmen, because as we all know:

There's nothing in any religion, That compels us to love a pigeon.

The House Ec-Engineer dance should prove a stirring affair. All the beermen will be there leering at the wolverines (who will leer right back). The House Eciers will hand out their best lines to the innocent little Freshmen. Certainly looks like an interesting dance!

Some people are going to be much happier when the cafeteria opens. Apparently a cook in one of the large boarding-houses has been doing a little experimenting, with weird results.

Neath the crust of an old apple pie, There is something to make the boys sigh. It may be a peg, Or an old scrambled egg, But it won't be a bottle of rye.

Wolf Walker is often seen sauntering around the campus with two co-eds, and all Yehudi wants to know is who's playing gooseberry there?

Yehudi noticed a reference in the style column to a purple coat, which inspired the following clever lines:

I never saw a purple coat Especially with black seal lining. I never hope to, either, But this I'll tell the silly goat, I wouldn't wear one, neither, S'all for now.

The Balance Sheet

We figure that a certain person or persons, as the case may be, should get facts straight before dishing them out for Joe College to lap up. Anyway, to get to the point, we'd just like to inform Yehudi (we'd like to know who hides under that nam de plume, too!) that the Pearson gals ain't twins—they're just sisters.

On Monday, Bill Payne, a Commerce '43 student, now a full fledged lieutenant in the Army, dropped around to the Arts Building. Many of you will probably remember Bill, who was last year's Business Manager of The Gateway. He came around to say "hello" to the old place, and to the kids hanging around—and "goodbye" too, we understand, as this is his embarkation leave—we're sure that all his friends will join us in wishing him the best of luck!

The kids in Commerce turned out almost en masse to the budget meeting—and we did not do the heckling—this was Murph's engineer pals. We tried hard to give him some moral support, but from the way he was gripping that mike, we'd have done better if we had held him up physically.

Another graduate, Bill Sinclair, is roaming around the campus these days with his wolfing teeth in, and is being pursued by many a glamorous babe, we are told.

And still the graduates keep coming back. Max Stewart wandered into The Gateway office 't'other day, just to see if things were getting the proper care. Of course they were, with Commerce students all over the place.

We peeked into the library the other day, and noticed Freshie Peggy McLevin hard at work. At least, it seemed as if she were hard at something. But maybe the library holds some other attraction for this charming young lady. Maybe an investigation is in order.

They tell us that Pat Johnstone is now an ex-Commerce Freshman, as from some time last week. It appears that he preferred to join the Navy. So now the score is five-all in the Commerce '46 class. This is beginning to sound like an endurance contest. Well?

We wonder just whom Bill Clark takes with him when he buys his ties—or are they gifts, Bill? Anyway, it certainly is a terribly rude awakening each time this young fellow walks into a room sporting one of his alarm-clock ties. Or hasn't he noticed? And now a word of warning: Remember what happened to Frank Weston last year? Well, just be careful, chum, or you'll be minus one tie too, or at least half a tie, if we can get you under the paper cutter.

For the big social event of the month, our dance with the Pharmacy kids—at least, we hope to be having a dance next week, if the Schedule Man co-operates. Now, don't you wish you were taking Commerce, too? All right, you needn't be so snooty about it. You can try being nice to the Commerce Kids—maybe you'll rate an invitation.

And so, children, much as I hate to, I must leave you for now. You can think about this for a while: Why did Morley? To come to class looking like the wrong end of a mis-spent life the other day?

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill, Be a scrub in the valley—but be the best little scrub by the side of the hill; Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

I'll not listen to reason—reason always means what someone else has got to say.

FORTY SIGNS OF RAIN (Some of them)

The hollow winds begin to blow; The clouds look black, the glass is low; The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep, And spiders from their cobwebs peep.

Pharmacy Phun

FLASH: The latest news—

Betty Graham is sporting a new hair-do—added sophistication to a baby doll face.

Isobel George is making sure the Accounting Prof doesn't keep her overtime, and is carrying a miniature grandfather clock to classes.

Ossie Geehan has just finished his ether extractions.

Verne Wellman doesn't know there's another draft besides one that comes in the window.

Isobel Merrick is a very conscientious student.

Joe Tredger is not!

Cliff Carmichael has a box of chocolates in his room. Anyone wanting one, just drop around, or at least that's what he says—the wolf!

Prudence Bamlett is so far behind in her labs she's decided to drown her griefs in 95%, or the Saskatchewan. Hasn't made up her mind yet.

Frank Jolly managed to get to Accounting class on Monday morning—or did he?

Marion Warner has a new plaid shirt.

Claude Matthews ???

Mary Wholey can't make up her mind whether to join the Navy or the Army at Christmas.

Gordon Groves likes hamburgers. Jean Phillips caused a traffic jam on Jasper the other day in her snappy red outfit.

Moe Hockey is married. I can't get a thing on him. Joe Sereida has the latest in cigarette holders.

Bob Shaw has beautiful blue eyes. Me—I'm crazy as H—, or so the Biochem lab demonstrator says.

THE POOR SOLDIER

A rose tree full in bearing Had sweet flowers fair to see; One rose without comparing, For beauty attracted me. Though eager once to win it, Lovely, blooming, fresh and gay, I find a canker in it And now throw it away.

Well-timed silence has more eloquence than speech. It is well to lie fallow for awhile.

SPEECH ON THE CRIMEAN WAR

(House of Commons, Dec. 22, 1854)
And even if I were alone, if mine were a solitary voice, raised amid the din of arms and the clamours of a venal press, I should have the consolation I have tonight—and which I trust will be mine to the last moment of my existence—the priceless consolation that no word of mine has tended to the squandering of my country's treasure or the spilling of one single drop of my country's blood.

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Features

International World

By Don Cormie

THE STRENGTH OF A NATION

How can we save higher learning for the sake of total war—and total peace? How can we meet the need of the armed forces for officers and of science and industry for trained men and women without turning the colleges into bird sanctuaries? What makes you think that we can! But better still, what difference does it make? As long as the colleges are full of hard-working students, it doesn't matter whether they want to go into the services immediately or not. And why do people in this country keep harping on "draft dodging"? Sure it may be undemocratic to allow some people to study while others fight. But then, we have instituted a most undemocratic preference for the "young," for the college students to fight the war. But worst of all—Canadians in general are content to train the young for war—while the middle-aged and "old" are training themselves for peace. The people who are fighting for the peace—are the ones who seem to be getting no training whatsoever for it. Are the young people of today to take absolutely no part in the governing of the world of tomorrow?

If you say the young people must take a part—then that points to one thing—we must extend our education. The present generation—which happens to be our fathers, our professors, our selective service officers—have a tremendous amount of knowledge and experience that must be passed on to the future generations—which is the soldier and the student of today. Do you want the young people in our schools and in our services to start at the bottom, or do you want them to carry on from where their fathers left off? We want them to carry on from where the others leave off. And we want the people at home to be ready to carry on from where the soldier leaves off. We don't want mere plans for post-war activities—we want the beginnings of the activities started and working by the time peace comes.

Must Start Now

Before the war, Canada didn't build a single ocean-going vessel. Today, Canada is building, both in number and tonnage, more ships than even maritime Great Britain built before the war. Before the war, Canada never built a single military airplane. Today, she is building thousands of them. But do you think she did this from scratch? No. She had the beginnings started before war came—and it was only the next step to expand it into a vast industrial machine. And we have got to have the nucleus of peace-time organizations working before the peace comes if we hope to expand them into tremendous organizations. We must get the Canadian people discussing Canada's future—get them interested in it and working for the future, as well as for the war. We want to see Canada one of the leading flying nations—one of the leading indus-

trial nations and the leading nation in international co-operation and good-will. Can we do it?

More Universities

Well, the place to start is with our Education. We, as Canadians, must come to realize that in Education, and Education alone, lies the true strength of a nation. We can make our country a nation of giants or a nation of weaklings—just through Education. We can make Canada a nation of warriors, a nation of wings, a nation of cowards, or a well-balanced nation—just through Education. It is the strongest single force in all the world. And we have got to utilize it to the fullest extent in the challenging days to come.

That means we have got to see more students get to the college level—it means that the present college students have got to go still higher. It means we have got to stop the shameful practise of failing students just to maintain the level of the profession. The hundreds, and in fact thousands, of students who are failed out every year must be allowed to go on and take their higher education—even if it is at a substandard level. Five years taking an engineering course is better than no engineering course at all. And taking two years to learn Poly Ec. and History and Psychology is better than being failed out and not allowed to take any at all. That is where we must modernize our education.

Other Nations Preparing

In Britain, the war has inaugurated a new system of scholarships enabling every secondary school scientist showing particular merit in chemistry, physics and mathematics to go on to a university. These scholarships are provided by the State, and their introduction has brought hundreds of young people into colleges who previously would have been unable to take a university education.

The Australian Government now pays part of students' fees and grants each student a living allowance. Outstanding students who have volunteered for the forces have been recalled to complete their studies. They must consider education far more important than Canada does to do that—especially when Australia has been so close to invasion. In Ceylon, the University College in Colombo has been granted the status of a university, and is planning new faculties of medicine, dentistry and law. Russia, China and even Japan have been trying to build up their educational systems during the most trying times, rather than break it down. Is Canada going to lose out in the educational competition?

A study in Kansas revealed that a majority of superior high-school graduates were not in college. Most of those who were presumably best fitted by mental ability to receive training in higher institutions were not candidates for such training. After a careful test administered to 19,000 high-school seniors in North Carolina, A. M. Jordan concluded that "literally thousands of students who are scholastically able to do so are not continuing their academic training." We must start to go all over the country and sweep away those academic barriers designed to keep out those thought unable to profit by higher education. It is quite apparent that the whole nation can profit by higher education. It's true, that it does take one person more time to learn certain things than another—but is that any reason to deny him any chance at all of learning? From the way we think today, apparently it is. But it is time that we took stock of what is going on around us, and see to it that twice or three times as many students reach our universities. In that way we will be insuring our future more than any other way.

LET'S BE MODERN

Throw Away Your Car

The real question is: will you and I, a couple of ordinary guys who work for a living, be flying our families around in planes in a few years? And your wife, a pretty good driver if you overlook that mashed fender—will she be a pilot too?

We can see and hear a part of our answer at the smallest landing field in the world. It's in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and there Igor Sikorsky and Test Pilot Les Morris fly the Sikorsky helicopter, the aircraft that can fly straight up and down and land between the hydrangeas and the clothesline in your backyard.

To the eyes accustomed to the sleek lines of the ordinary fixed-wing planes, the helicopter is a strange sight as it squats there on the little field. Its body is an awkward thing—streamlining will come later. It has no wings; there's no propeller on the nose. On the shaft above it is the rotor, mounted horizontally, and looking like a great three-bladed propeller. In place of the usual tail assembly is a small rotor, which keeps the body from twisting in the air.

You'll not need to be an engineer to pilot it; the dashboard will contain no more dials and instruments than your car has, and you'll drive by steering gear and throttle, with no foot pedals to worry about. It will be attractively sleek and colorful, roomy enough for a family of ordinary size. It will be a handsome and airworthy thing, its interior appointments rather like the 1941 Buick's, and selling for about the cost of one of the better automobiles.

Convenient land space is a problem, of course. People living in cities and suburbs will not, in most cases, be able to build the 1,500 foot landing strips (which may be L-shape to allow for any wind direction) required. However, a sod strip for neighborhood use is adequate, inexpensive and practical. Farms and country homes can be

provided with landing strips costing no more than the average driveway. To see how flying is going to be for you, let's take a trip. You're winging along now at 130 miles per hour. There's no hurry, and anyway, 130 air-miles are worth 150 or more of the winding highway miles. You're relaxed, of course, leaning back in your seat, one finger at the steering wheel. Beside you, your wife is knitting. The kids in the back seat find flying no novelty.

You see that there are many planes in the air—at one time you can count eight, but there is plenty of room. The air will probably be more crowded in a few years. Then the radio music fades a little bit, and you know you are swinging off your course. You touch the steering wheel lightly and the music comes back to full volume.

The plane needs so little attention that you could read a book as you fly. It's an easy trip without constant steering to stay on the road, without the concentration you'd need if driving on the highway below.

Your plane doesn't have any two-way radio, although you could have had it for a few extra dollars. If you'd had any idea when you made the purchase how much you were going to use your plane, you'd have chosen a model with a few extra luxuries. You muse affectionately that your plane has all the important features—it's virtually stall and spin proof, the tricycle landing gear helps you to fly it into the ground instead of learning tricky landing techniques, and the controls resemble those of an automobile.

Now, this remarkable wingless aircraft is a new weapon in America's arsenal, in the vital campaign against Axis submarines. The improved helicopter growing out of America's industry's war-accustomed, war-winning experimentation may be your family plane of tomorrow.

HEAVENS

My Stars!

by Taurus

Note.—Recently, my friend's evangelistic enthusiasm for the occult resulted in my receiving unsought a very enthusiastic but hardly accurate horoscope reading, which I burned and forgot. When two weeks later I received a second one, which described my ideal life mate as having broad shoulders and fierce prominent blue eyes, I admit I was a trifle worried till I discovered that both letter and mate had been destined for a woman (I am a man, technically speaking) in Wisconsin. My interest aroused, I obtained some dozen horoscopes and, after much painstaking study, have evolved the following glorious conglomerate applicable to all people, masculine, feminine or neuter, whenever or wherever born, hatched, or evolved. This, en fine, is a horoscope to end all horoscopes.

Your planets are in an interesting condition, and the forecasts show a peculiar state (and number, we trust) of affairs, and your life has been filled with many peculiar events. Your conceptions are broad (see our booklet on diet*) and your human nature is fully developed. So is your feline and simian nature. Your mind has a practical, useful bent; a philosophical bent, and a mechanical bent. With care, however, it may be straightened. You have a happy faculty of being able to bring others under your control. This, if developed (see our booklet on Ju-jitsu, price 15c) may some day save your bacon in a blackout. You have also considerable psychic power, and with the aid of a slinky gown could be a first-class hypnotist. Your excellency of understanding is your standby, making you a natural football player; and you have great sympathy and force of character. You would be successful in agriculture, medicine, weight-lifting, house ec., sewer-digging, engineering, honors English, or garbage-collecting. (Does that cover everybody?) Oh—and bartering and law and running vaudeville. Your pleasant manner makes you successful in all your dealings; but Seven-toed Pete is your best game.

A Powerful Eye

You have a decided habit of looking people straight in the left eye as though you would pierce their innermost secret thoughts. This magnetic glance would enable you, if you would purchase our booklets, to control all sorts of people; also to pick up lost hairpins, corset-stays, or other small metal objects, with great ease. The diseases to which you are prone are those of the head and feet. The present position of the planets show that a number of events, blessed and otherwise, are going to shortly take place in your life. This is almost certain, for to us the configurations of the heavens seem to definitely be more negotiable than that of the

English language. (To ascertain these events, send for our Personal Reading by filling out your form in the prescribed manner and sending \$3.00.) Success is predicted for you, with one great disappointment. You have an enemy who will try to injure you through telling the truth. But you will win, like that well-known comic character, Flame McGoon, through your indomitable persistency, and a prosperous life is predicted for you.

The Chamber of Horrors, or Your Ideal Life Companion

Your true companion should be either a Libra or a Pisces character, probably a combination of the two. That is, he will look like someone out of a book (Dickens, for choice), and will act like a fish. Chief characteristics: a waistline on which corporation tax is overdue, large prominent eyes which can move independently of each other, and long pink ears. His only defect: the tendency of his left leg to be slightly knock-kneed, is amply compensated by the bowing of the right one. This feature combines with the hue of his nose to give him a very distinguished appearance, like a No-U-Turn sign on Saturday night.

If you are a man (there are a few things which ever we cannot tell by looking merely at your horoscope), you will be even more fortunate. Your ideal companion will have a camel-like profile—damn this machine—a cameo-like profile, and on neck and temples a delicate tracery of interlacing varicose veins. She will be short and plump, with gracefully terraced hips, walk with a slight limp, and have blonde hair up till Thursday of every week. But—you'll like 'er!

Fuller information as to marriage, love, and business matters is given in the Personal Reading (price only \$3.00). Now, let us misquote Shakespeare for your benefit:

"The fault, dear—What's your name, lies not in ourselves, But in our stars, that we are— well, generally speaking, such awful messes. Furthermore, if you'll drink liquor, smoke opium, or believe this—better still, do all three—you will be happy."

"Calculus and Calisthenics; or How to reduce Astronomical Figures," price 10c.

"This is another useful bent, called by many 'hell-bent.' Cf. Irish Cattle. See our pamphlet, 'Diseases You Might Have, or Hypochondria Made Easy,' price 20c.

\$Tis a joke.

Ping Pong Pill
Woan stan still
Wen my bat
Get U att
I'll U kill
Ping Pong Pill.

Take Five

... by The Deacon

Effen' I had knowed all the trouble it was going to be, I wouldn't have bothered. But there it was, in tempting big black letters:

"Special sale Saturday at the H.B. Co.—Seven sets of stitchless, stretchless, stenchesless sneakers, featuring the new air-breather tops and inverted itchesless insoles."

So being in need of a pair of Sunday shoes, which I could wear on formal occasions as well, I dangled downtown last Saturday to purchase a pair of these staunch sneakers at the slashed sale rate I changed into a clean pair of ankle supports, and away I went.

After parking my pogo-stick, and knocking down two old women, I leaped into quadrant number 3 of the revolving door. Unfortunately a woman (who was large enough to pass for a striking coal miner) entered the slot behind me and gently pushed the deal. I made thirteen revolutions and then soared out the other side, glided over the dry goods counter into a stock of lingerie in the women's department, and came up for air looking through one leg of a pair of "fall-ings." After adjusting myself, I was about to go about my business, when a saleslady came bounding over and buttonholed me. The first thing I knew I had been jostled into the middle of a corset sale. In no time she was asking me the measurements, but when she asked "And what bust?" I said, "Nothing bust, let me out of here." By the looks of the women purchasing the aforementioned item, corset dealers must live on the fat of the land.

I then boarded the escalator leading down to the bargain basement. I was gawking into the atmosphere gathering space, and completely forgot to step off when it reached the bottom. It took a crew of men the rest of the morning to dig me out of the marble floor.

I figured I'd best eat and purchase the sneakers after. So into the basement lunch shop I went, and after attracting the waitress's attention by throwing the ketchup bottle at her, I ordered a squirrel-leg sandwich. An hour later, the waitress flitted back with my order and gently woke me. I took my head off the blonde's lap who was sitting beside me, and

found I had been brought a salmon sandwich. "I want a re-bait," I hollered. The waitress was the picture of complete "you can go to ain't it hot down there." So I ate the salmon sandwich and drank my lemon extract.

After lunch I mingled in with the traffic that was headed toward the footwear department. But when I reached my destination, the crowd just kept pushing, and for three or more round trips I went past the shoe counter without being able to slip out of line. On the fourth time around my suspenders snapped—but it was so crowded my pants didn't fall down until I stepped out of line. I stuck my jeans to my waist with a wad of gum, and approached a grinning salesman, who was wringing his hands, cruelly waiting for a victim. He yanked my high-top boots off, and after inspecting the holes in my soles, smartly remarked, "I see you're back on your feet again." I showed my teeth and replied, "You probably switch your shoes every other day—so the heels and soles will wear down evenly all the way around." Then I perched on one leg like a stork doing a highland fling, while the salesman trotted into the stock room to get the last pair of sneakers. I untied my polka-dot handkerchief and held the 63 cents in readiness.

After 15 minutes of attacking my feet from all angles, he succeeded in squeezing me into the sneakers. He asked me how they felt. I couldn't answer; they were so tight my blood supply was cut off. I turned from rust red, to south sea blue, to a transparent tropic green. Finally, when a woman tried to buy me, thinking I was a pet chameleon, the salesman took out his can-opener and cut me loose. I put my shoes under my arm and began to wind my way, barefoot, out of the store, very disappointed and sad-faced about the whole deal. I happened to pass a very bewhiskered gent, and greeted him with a "Hello, Santa Claus." He snapped back, "Santa Claus, hell, I walked in here two months ago to buy a blue blade."

Footnote.—To the thoughtful little Freshette who penned me my only fan letter: "You little darling! I'll spend the rest of the term looking for you under the test tubes in the south lab!"

Chem. Club Meets

On Thursday, Nov. 11, Med 157 was the scene of the second meeting of the Chemistry Society. Before the meeting formally opened, coffee and doughnuts were served to the hungry chemists and chemical engineers, beakers supplementing the shortage of cups in true chemical style.

Don LaZerte, fourth year chemical engineer, was the first speaker of the afternoon. He presented a well-prepared and interesting discussion on the manufacture of aviation gasoline. This topic is particularly important because at the present time the Allies require 180,000 barrels per day, Mr. LaZerte stated. The alkylolation process, using H₂SO₄ as catalyst, was described in some detail, appropriately illustrated with a flow sheet.

Bill McCormack, fourth year honors chemist, then gave an outline of the method of extracting oil from the Abasand tar sands as invented by Dr. Clarke in 1923, and as at present in operation. The method is essentially a froth flotation process, since water wets silica in preference to the oil. Mr. McCormack illustrated his lecture with samples of the materials obtained in each step, including the virgin crude, containing 7 per cent sand, obtained after the initial extraction, the asphalt or road oil, and the final product which may, at some future date, supplement our dwindling supplies of gasoline.

Ralph Jamieson, president of the Chem Society, urges those interested to watch the notice board for the time of the next meeting of the club.

Adult Education New CKUA Program

Among the new programs to be heard over CKUA are "Behind the Headlines," Wednesdays at 8:45, and a series presented by the Alberta Association for Adult Education, Tuesdays at 6:30.

"Behind the Headlines" provides an opportunity for men and women in different departments of the University to discuss items in the news which have social, economic or scientific significance. The first two speakers in the series were Dr. E. H. Gowan and Dr. Silver Keeping. The speaker for next Wednesday evening, Nov. 24, will be Dr. F. Owen, of the Department of Modern Languages.

The Adult Education broadcasts were introduced last Tuesday by a

V.C.F. Hears Miss Henderson

This year an extensive missionary program is being carried on by the V.C.F. Every second Sunday afternoon the group meets to hear from missionaries of various societies and organizations. This past week, Miss Kathleen Henderson, a former Fellowship member in Toronto, now with the South Africa General Mission, told of her work as a teacher in Angola. Near her station, which consists of a few rough buildings used for school, church, home and dispensary, her brother is working as a medical missionary. In Angola, the natives seem to be very sceptical of "white men" who enter the villages, but once their confi-

dence is won, great progress can be made. Miss Henderson will be returning to her field very shortly, after spending a few months at home, on her first furlough.

The group is also endeavoring to support to some extent, Mr. and Mrs. George Gay, who were the Alberta staff members for the Fellowship, last year, but are now on their way to Bolivia as missionaries.

This coming Tuesday, Miss Bessie Plant, who has been doing medical missionary work in Nigeria, will speak to the V.C.F. in Arts 148, at 5:15 p.m.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring—
The heart may heal or break.

Most of the change we think we see
In life,
Is due to truths being in and out
Of favour.

THE WEARY WISHER

I wish I were a little rock,
A-sitting on a hill,
A-doing nothing all day long,
But just a-sitting still;
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep,
I wouldn't even wash—
I'd sit and sit a thousand years,
And rest myself, b'gosh.

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The Critic's Column

By JIM SPILLIOS

On review this week is the Negro. Does he justify his existence outside of Africa? Does he contribute to our well-being in the New World? Can we learn anything from him? Any racial argument is always full of positive arguments, such as so-and-so contributed such-and-such to science, etc.; and in the case of the Negro the notable example is George Washington Carver, the Tuskegee Institute, and etc. But eliminating their outstanding men, consider the ordinary guy, the boot-black in the Corona Barber Shop, in the Hudson's Bay, or the negro families on 97th Street and 104th Avenue. Are they justified to live here among us? A rather foolish question with an obvious answer, and yet this very question has produced lately a great deal of

Stormy Weather which ironically is the title of an all-negro picture. I will not try to answer these questions, but will proceed to review the picture in hope that they will answer themselves.

This picture has the usual Hollywood musical as far as its childish plot is concerned — you know the kind that starts the characters off from 1918 and whirled them up in 1943, still going strong, and reeling them about with ineptness, the source of which is Hollywood's fountain of youth. (Invented, patented and exclusive rights held by Hollywood's script factories, as if everyone but Hollywood would want to use their silly tops, which like the brook babble on for ever. And while I'm at it, I might say that the acting, in keeping with the plot, is as infantile.)

But—who do we all see strutting their stuff, and I mean stuff.

Lena Horne, who, in my humble opinion, is one of the most captivating and beautiful women on the screen. Unkindly people have remarked, is she a negress? She is, dear people, every fraction of her blood is African. And besides, unkind people, what makes you think that the white race is the only beautiful race?

I have fortunately associated with the other races, and those members which lacked physical beauty certainly make up for it in their race emotional make-up. Whites, on the other hand, who lack in physical beauty, correspondingly, their race emotional make-up is a dull neutral grey, just nothing at all. I'm willing to argue this generally all over the countryside and win it every time. But back to Lena Horne. For many unmentionable reasons, I eagerly looked forward to her next appearance on the screen. Not being a juke-box addict, I can't remember the names of the swiny, swoony, foot-tickling times. But to one which contained some story about a Dicky-doo-doo or dicky-da-da, some similar jaberwocky, Miss Horne gave interesting and somewhat exciting connotations. And here enters a universal negroid characteristic. In all the cabaret scenes, in all participants, whether stars or extras, you noticed a lack of inhibition. You felt that here were "God's chillun" out to enjoy themselves and have a good time and nothing more. And probably the negro leads a more peaceful and contented life than any other race. His "good times" are made the most of, and if it is correct that "good times" act as emotional gas escape holes, then the negro knows how to have a good time.

This lack of inhibition might make the negro look like a fool, as it does to white acting uninhibitedly in a very inhibited society. But what saves him from this is the intensity with which he devotes himself to his uninhibited acts, and always he is accompanied by a vivid, unbroken rhythm. I noticed that all these performers, even in their walks, possessed a rhythm.

Then, of course, there was the bizarre element of the picture. This was introduced notably by Fats Waller, who in reality is a serious musician of the piano. A caricature of man, this zombie, breathed New York sophistication every time he frogged forth a croak on what he happened to be playing. Bill Robinson, although in his sixties and still living on six quarts of ice cream a

day, danced a bit, but these were all flutterings, reminiscent of a former great day.

Then in heide hied Cab Calloway was rather noisy at times, and probably in his childhood was one of those obnoxious creatures whom the neighbors always complain about. The picture was slowing up and dying out at this point, but cacophonous Cab certainly rejuvenated it. My fiendish mind revels in the thought of a Clividen set reception with Cab Calloway supplying entract music. Introducing a zoot suit number with his toothy smile, I forgot all about Miss Horne. But somehow the picture swung in the next number, "Stormy Weather." The sensitive rendition of this sensitive song by Lena was worth while, all the Simian antics up to this point. Then a crowning surprise—for myself at least—who should come into the picture but Katherine Denham and her group. Nobody up here has heard of Katherine Denham — we never do, do we? Miss Denham (a negress) leads in dance one of the most striking, original, exciting ballet groups in the western hemisphere. An article could be devoted to her alone. Then back again the picture comes from Miss Denham's interpretation of Stormy Weather to Lena Horne's unforgettable singing of the same, and so we have the God's own children.

The Devil With Hitler. This picture was so funny it laid me in the aisle—walking toward the nearest exit. I never tried so hard to go to sleep in a picture. I would have succeeded had it not been for the various explosions in the picture which woke me up now and then. It appears that Satan comes to earth as Hitler's valet Gelsatan. The purpose of the mission is to force Hitler into doing a good deed so that Satan won't have to abdicate when Hitler descends to Hell. Of course, the brown shirts are not Nazis, but Nutzis, and so ad infinitum. This picture is the most

CENSORED—that ever hit this cock-eyed earth.

The Women Most of you saw the movie production of this picture. Here is your chance to see the Edmonton Little Theatre's production of the same on November 24, 25 and 26 at the Westgren High auditorium. As the legitimate stage is the white hope of American drama, support this effort of your community to bring live, real drama to you.

Helpful Hints On Examinations Given to Students

MacDonald and Sheldon Lecture

In Med 142, at 4:00 p.m., October 17th, Professors MacDonald and Sheldon gave a valuable talk on a subject of interest to us all, "The Preparation and Writing of Exams." Take heed, students. Here are a few helpful hints.

- (1) Create an atmosphere for study; forget the easy chair, the pipe and the date.
- (2) Cultivate the art of quick concentration.
- (3) Develop your memory so that you can rely on it.
- (4) Don't be over-methodical.
- (5) Study by yourself, lest the result be a social chat.
- (6) Practise typical exam questions.
- (7) During the exam, use your judgment in sorting out the material needed, and in distributing the time.
- (8) Avoid bluffing or padding—the prof. knows the tricks of the trade, too.
- (9) Don't be too cool of mind, or you'll freeze the brain matter. All people are nervous and tensed up before an important event—so expect to be.

And lastly, avoid "post-mortems." The glib person will get 30; you'll get 60.

Philosophies

By M. Valentine

Idea is a child;
Thought a nice old man;
Gossip is a toothless hag;
Genius a bright tin can.
Imagination looks like clouds;
Gloom is more like mud;
Fear drags on feet of splintered ice;
Hate is a blemished bud.
Love is a raindrop inside out;
Caution has one short leg;
Hunger hides in garbage pails;
Greed must one day beg;
Hope has eyes of azure grey;
Pain, a saw-toothed smile;
Courage rides on fire trucks;
Laughing all the while.

Resume

By Dorothy Parker

Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp;
Acids stain you;
And drugs cause cramps.
Guns aren't lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.

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SPARE

THE WAILING WALL

by

zadoc

'Tis pity that sharp-tongued prejudice, flying un checked throughout the world, should find ready access unchallenged to our universities. Why is it, friend, that an augmented G minor chord, the same chord, sounds like a bit of heaven to one, like hell to another? That Harry James' or Erskine Hawkins' trumpet will, among some (apparently) sensitive souls, cause ecstatic, uncontrollable shufflings and tappings of feet, whilst others disdain to wipe theirs on anything not 150 years old?

Well, I don't profess to know. It could be proven that both sets of hearing apparatus receive the same number of sound-waves per second from a single source. I should think. Or are there musical grem-lins who pockishly distill honey in one ear and fermented vinegar in the next? Granted, perception is a highly individualized process. There is the old problem: What does a horse look like when nobody is looking at it? etc. But why quarrel about it, when nothing can be proved?

The anti-swing demonstration which was staged by the U. of Sask. authorities last week is, we think, a case in point. We dare say that as good a case could be made for their Musical Directorate's program involving their right to listen to John Kirby, as that which John Milton made defending the freedom of the press in his "Areopagitica". Over-enthusiastic persons in positions of authority and power are apt to become so delighted with their own supposed infallibility of taste and judgment as to wish to evangelize others with their thought-patterns and habits, willing or no. When the power-wielding group is older, and opposes a student group which is younger, there is likely to be added rancour in the form of a "youth versus age" conflict. "Of course they are extreme," say the elders, "mere children with ideas too big for their experience." "What else could you expect from hide-bound old fogies?" reply the youngsters, with equal finality. Ensues a bitter battle, with ill-feeling the only result.

But why the conflict at all? In this particular question of the worth of the swing classics, if our senior friends could know the genuine appreciation evoked by the virtuosity of such an artist as Benny Goodman, for instance, and could be more tolerant of music which they do not understand except as a senseless cacophony of ear-splitting callioles, they might be less blind to the fact that many swing-lovers are not entirely ignorant of "better" music also. An official banning of a swing club on a campus might well be attended with as much success as was the enforcement of the 18th Amendment which prohibited

drinking in the United States. To prohibit or restrict a thing is to increase interest in it among many who perhaps cared nothing for it before. A public library contains not only the works of the great masters of literature, but also a great deal of comparative trash side by side with it. And so, an uncultivated reader may progress one day from the western story to something better which he has discovered there on the same shelf.

Cultivation of a snobbish, too-exclusive taste in music is probably the cause of most of the indiscriminate objection to popular music. Call it plain ignorance, if you like. I confess that there is something I do not like about Chinese music. Yet four hundred million Chinese seem to tolerate it quite well. I am unacquainted with the forms and background of it, and unused to the Asiatic conception of tonality. But I refuse to brand Chinese music as bad because I do not care for it, and indeed, some of their 10-men drum sections that I have heard would be a revelation to Gene Krupa.

I think that nobody, and especially no swing addict, claims that all swing is good, or even excusable. But some bands in the popular field are really distinguished, and certain of their individual players display technical ability which is truly astonishing, and would be applauded in Carnegie Hall or anywhere else by any musician. Arturo Toscanini, they say, is not above listening respectfully to an hour or two of the better jive. After all, Bach and Beethoven were innovators and improvisers in their day. They would have understood what Alec Templeton or Count Basie are doing, and doing very well.

Whether we deprecate it or not, the musically uneducated will pay their money to hear "Pistol Packin' Mama" in preference to a "Prelude and fugue in G minor" every time. They can grasp the former, while the latter is just a headache. The next step above the juke box is not a chamber of music society.

Furthermore, true enjoyment of good swing music must be cultivated also. Lacking this refinement, some conservative persons are inclined to say that this cultivation should be discouraged. They fail to see that there is a place for many a piece of art, even though their own appreciation cannot embrace them all. We presuppose a certain judgment, never found lacking wherever true lovers of swing are found, between what is good and what is bad. We think Saskatchewan's S.R.C. did well in upholding their Musical Director in opposing this bit of unlicensed criticism. Probably their authorities are not "hep" to Bob Crosby. Maybe they should turn out to a few of the Club's Swing Sessions—it might put them back on the beam.

STUDENTS' UNION BUDGET

EXPENDITURE

	Budget '43-'44	Actual Expenditures '42-'43
Men's Athletic Association:		
General	\$ 519.00	\$ 461.00
Badminton	43.00	44.05
Basketball	378.00	320.90
Boxing	155.00	55.75
Fencing	32.50	28.30
Hockey	425.00	640.85
Outdoor	100.90	117.65
Rugby	695.83	502.01
Swimming	123.00	72.50
Wrestling	95.00	121.00
Equipment	300.00	300.00
Track	17.25	
Archery	26.05	
	\$ 2,910.53	\$ 2,664.21
Women's Athletic Association:		
General	\$ 377.00	\$ 279.93
Archery	120.22	
Badminton	43.00	44.05
Basketball	192.00	132.30
Fencing	32.50	18.90
Outdoor	100.85	117.64
Swimming	123.00	57.50
Tennis	16.00	18.00
Track	41.25	35.00
Golf	8.00	
	\$ 1,024.35	\$ 823.54
Literary Association:		
General	\$ 212.00	\$ 248.85
Debate Society	100.00	62.02
Dramatic Society	330.00	57.72
Philharmonic Society		Cr. 168.19
Political Science Club	82.00	39.06
Make-up Club	50.00	94.29
	\$ 774.00	\$ 333.75
S.U. General	\$ 1,115.00	\$ 1,116.92
S.U. Administration	1,418.50	909.21
Varsity Rink	880.00	865.88
Wauneta	Cr. 65.00	Cr. 73.66
S.U. Nurses Club	217.50	54.05
Provincial News	12.00	11.85
Introduction Committee	Cr. 105.00	Cr. 32.88
Color-Night		Cr. 33.19
House Dances		Cr. 40.83
Waw-waw Week	Cr. 76.25	Cr. 53.93
Campus A	20.00	
Meds and Dents Summer Activities		300.00
	\$ 3,416.75	\$ 3,091.18
Gateway		
E.G. & G.	Cr. 215.00	Cr. 768.97
Class Fund	630.00	313.38
Building Fund	1,364.50	691.07
	\$ 1,994.50	\$ 1,242.72
Total Expenditures	\$10,120.13	\$ 8,115.40
Revenue	10,650.00	12,271.63
Surplus	\$ 529.87	\$ 4,116.23

S.C.M. Conference November 27 and 28

Miss Harriet Christie Guest Speaker

"Christianity at the Heart of the World Community" is the theme of the S.C.M. week-end conference, Nov. 27 and 28. Miss Harriet Christie, Associate General Secretary of the Student Christian Movement of Canada, and Dr. E. J. Thompson of St. Stephen's College will be the main speakers. Part of the week-end will be devoted to the discussion of the Wooster Conference to be held at Wooster, Ohio, December 27th to January 3rd, 1943-44, and the delegates to this conference from the S.C.M. of Alberta will be chosen.

Sunday evening the S.C.M. will be in charge of the church service at First Presbyterian Church, where Miss Harriet Christie will be the guest speaker. All students are invited to worship at this special service. Discussion groups, Bible study and worship will make up another part of the week-end. A supper meeting Saturday and a breakfast meeting Sunday morning are planned, with a social Saturday evening. Detailed announcements will be available shortly.

Many are already looking forward to this Conference, and all other students who are interested should put the week-end, Nov. 27 and 28, in their "dates" book.

Knox United Church

Cor. 84th Ave. and 104th St.
Rev. Elgin G. Turnbull,
B.A., B.D., Minister

11 a.m.: "Saved at Measureless Cost."

7:30 p.m.: "At the End of the Long Struggle—Heaven."

8:30 p.m.: Young People's Fire-side Hour. Choirmaster, Jack Williams.

Wm. J. Monaghan

says

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GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Golden Bears Win League Opener, 47-38

Herb Christie And Stan Moher Announce Regulations For Interfaculty Basketball

Archery Club Suffers Casualties

The weekly meeting of the Archery Club was held in the Tuck basement on Tuesday evening. Casualties suffered: scratched piano, one broken arrow, and blistered thumbs. Scores which varied from zero to 48 were kept. The evening was enjoyed by all, particularly the two little boys (I don't mean the airmen) who watched the attempts.

Latecomers Must Default

Rule 1: Any team which fails to turn up, or is 20 minutes late, will be considered as a defaulter, and shall forfeit the game.

Rule 2: Any man who is registered in his faculty and who has played his Student Union fees shall be eligible to play or coach Interfac basketball, in accordance with Rule 3.

Rule 3: A man who has played two or more Senior basketball games* and who is considered a Senior player, shall not be eligible to play Interfac basketball.

*Note: A game shall consist of at least 20 minutes of playing time.

Rule 4: Any Interfac player who wishes to play Senior basketball may do so upon the request of the coach and in conformity with Rule 3.

Rule 5: An Interfac game shall consist of four ten-minute quarters with a five-minute rest at half-time.

Rule 6: Playing rules will be the same as those of the Alberta Basketball Association.

HERBERT L. CHRISTIE,
Manager, Interfac Basketball.

Sixteen Lucky Number For Nightingales

Sixteen proved to be the lucky number of the Nurses Tuesday night, Nov. 16, when they ousted Arts to the tune of 16-1 and H.E.C. 16-2.

Though the score would indicate otherwise, both games were marked by snappy checking on both sides. In fact, there was a big improvement in style compared with past games, that is to say, less crawling on all fours and passionate embracing when the ball was being carried toward the opposing goal.

In the speedy and rather unscientific game between Nurses and Arts, the scoring per cent was amazingly high. While the potential B.A.'s did some good checking, they just could not break clear for a shot that counted, and then Holroyd was always under the Arts basket for the rebound. Dunlop, the former 'Scona basketball star, always seemed to be around when needed most, as befitting a good nurse, and was able to get the ball down the floor to her own basket where Alcock, Rostrop, and Hooper were waiting to chalk up a few more points for

Miss K. Foskett Urges Attendance At Sports Rallies

Several sports rallies have been held recently for first year women students. The aim has been to present the students to various sports clubs on the campus and to introduce them to other students in their faculties.

Five more rallies are to be held on successive Wednesdays, starting Nov. 17. The time of each rally will be from 7-8 p.m. Freshettes are required to attend one of these rallies, as this part of the Physical Education program. Physical Education classes will be discontinued earlier in the spring. The regular rules regarding absences from Physical Education apply here.

Senior students are invited to attend.

Basketball Rally—7-8 p.m., Nov. 17, Drill Hall.

Volleyball Rally—7-8 p.m., Nov. 24, Drill Hall.

Archery Rally—7-8 p.m., Dec. 1, Basement of Big Tuck.

Badminton Rally—7-8 p.m., Dec. 8, Drill Hall.

Fencing Rally—7-8 p.m., Dec. 15, Basement of Big Tuck.

If you intend to come to the Badminton Rally and own a racket or can get hold of one, please do so, as we have only a limited number. Watch the notice board for further notices regarding this rally.

Be on time, and ready to play promptly at 7 p.m.

the Nurses.

Doris McCubbin proved to be the Arts' star, as she was responsible for their one and only basket.

The second game turned out a little wilder and slightly more furious, as the Nurses were now all warmed up and raring to go. The H.E.C.s were handicapped by not having the services of some of their stars. Dunlop, taking advantage of poor checking, pulled a few fast plays that did as much for the spectators as a highball does for a dejected Engineer.



MISS K. FOSKETT

Nurses, House Ec., Eds, Lead League

There are three more games to play in this year's schedule, and then come the big playoffs. Who'll come out on top? That is the sixty-four dollar question.

There have been better turn-outs this year than ever before, and all the faculties are well represented. Everybody seems very enthusiastic, and a hilarious time is had by all, even though some of the games are not what one could call professional basketball.

If any of you girls are interested, even if you don't know all the details of the game, come out anyway, as Interfac practice is the place to learn. Spectators are always welcome, so come and cheer for your faculty and friends. Games are held in the Drill Hall Tuesday nights, and you can find out who plays who and when by just looking at the bulletin board now and again.

To date, seven games have been played, with the following results: Education defeated H.E.C., 19-0. Science defeated Arts, 12-0. H.E.C. defeated Science, 8-7. Education defeated Nurses, 8-6. H.E.C. defeated Arts, 7-4. Nurses defeated Arts, 16-1. Nurses defeated H.E.C., 16-2. At the present the Nurses, H.E.C.s, and Education gang are all tied for first place with two games apiece.

What's The Score?

By BILL CLARK

After more than enough bickering, and irrelevant discourse on various topics, the Men's Athletic Board finally divulged the long-awaited scheme for the awarding of the Bulletin Trophy—which is emblematic of Interfaculty superiority in sport in general. Sports Director Stan Moher presented the plan, which was accepted without alteration, but definitely not without a superabundance of confabulation.

When the absentees had been suitably raked over the coals, and then partially acquitted due to insufficient notice, Stan Moher propounded the point-system he and Big Block Club President Lloyd Grisdale formulated last week-end. The plan calls for four sections of Interfaculty athletics—A, B, C and D. Class A would include basketball, football and hockey; Class B, swimming and badminton; Class C, track and field, tennis, golf, boxing, and wrestling; Class D, archery and fencing. The sports were graded according to their present popularity, and the number of men participating in each.

Class A would be valued at 1,000 points, to be apportioned as follows: 550 points for the team coming first in the league, that is, the team winning the Interfac championship; 300 points for the second team, and 150 for the third. Class B would be worth 750 points, divided as follows: 410 points for the first place team, 230 for second, and 110 for third. Class C would divide 500 points, with 270 for first, 150 for second, and 80 for third. Class D would divide 250 points, with 140 for first, 70 for second, and 40 for third.

Besides the number of points the faculties could gain from these four sections, an additional incentive to support Interfaculty sport was given by making allowance for further points to be awarded (to each faculty) on the basis of participation. The number of points was to be some fraction of 1,000, that fraction to be calculated by dividing the number of players from the faculty engaged in any athletic activity named in the above four sections, by the total number of physically fit men in the faculty. Two provisions were added to the proposal. One was that no player could be counted twice for having participated in two sports. The other, over which there was heated argument, was that the number of players any particular faculty had playing on a senior team only (in actuality, only a few

senior basketball players are affected) should be deducted from the total number of men in the faculty.

In the event that the winner of a certain sport be a combination of two or more faculties, as in the case of the Med-Pharm-Dents in football, the points shall be allotted according to the number of players representing each faculty. For instance, if there were 25 players and they won 550 points (for Class A sports), each player would earn 22 points for his faculty.

The promoters of this scheme welcome a constructive criticism which may be advanced, either by letter to Bill Simpson or The Gateway, or by contact with any official of the M.A.B.

One of the major criticisms levelled at the proposed scheme was that by awarding a possible, though improbable, 1,000 points for participation alone, too little emphasis was being placed on the calibre of play. In dealing with this criticism, let us keep in mind that, besides the Bulletin Trophy, whose purpose is not only to reward the faculty whose aggregate score is highest, but also to foster Interfaculty competition, Varsity sport has the Broadfoot Trophy, Shoemaker Trophy, Beaumont Trophy, Wilson Trophy, trophies for each Interfaculty champion—and awards to individual players in the form of crests and letters. Do not these awards provide the necessary reward for calibre, and aren't they incentive enough to keep each individual playing at a high standard—if indeed he needs incentive other than the enjoyment of sport as such? Is it too much to ask just one trophy in recognition of calibre and participation, which is the first manifestation of spirit?

Another point for consideration: Senior players, under the proposed system, get no credit toward the Bulletin Trophy. The trophy, some say, is, after all, strictly for Interfac competition, and has nothing to do with senior players. That, we think, is only partially true. Four or five Dents play for the Golden Bears basketball team. Were they to play

Frank Fergie, Sammie Sheckter, Phil Proctor Present Dazzling First-Night Performances

American Quartermasters Are Surprised Victims

FRESHMAN PROCTOR NOTABLE ADDITION TO BEARS

Preceded by almost no drum-beating or advance publicity, Coach Gordon Ferguson's Golden Bears squad slipped away to Westglen High School gym last Friday night and made an auspicious beginning in the Edmonton International Men's Basketball loop.

Chesty American Quartermasters were the victims of a subsequent green and gold blitz, final score being 47-38.

Bears' debut was a howling success.

Quartermasters are no part of a pushover. In fact, the ballhandlers of Lt. George Haas, former Princeton University student, made no secret of the fact that they considered the students nothing but a nice warm-up for Yanks and Engineers and other reputedly strong teams of the E.I.M.B.L.

Golden Bears weren't long making them see the error of their ways. Sparked by the tall, blond and highly effective Frank "Highpockets" Fergie, Ferguson's hustlers made every quarter a winning one. They led 7-6 after 10 minutes, 20-14 at the half, 34-22 at the three-quarters and, as already stated, 47-38 when the shouting was all over.

Fergie was like an unexpected

Senior Basketball Reserves Running Low; Need Help

Senior basketball got off to a good start, but since the first practice, several promising stars have had to drop out due to lack of time. The loss is already being felt, and the Seniors would be very glad to get some new recruits. You do not need to be a whiz at the game—as long as you are interested, and have a fair idea what it is all about, they can use you. At the present time, they have prospects of a strong team, but at practices there are not enough girls to have both offensive and defensive plays working at the same time. Practices are held on Monday from 6 to 7:30 and Saturday afternoon from 2:15 to 3:30. Even if you could only turn out for one practice a week, the present girls would be happy.

Several games per month are being arranged with overtime teams, and Coach Tommy McClocklin would like to give them a good show.

Only three girls are left from last year's team. Lois Belyea, Betty Johnston and Eleanor Krysa. However, with the addition of Freshettes Olive Barnes, Sylvia Callaway and Vera Hole, the squad looks very strong. But these six girls cannot be expected to hold the fort for the whole year, so how about some assistance from a few of you sharpshooters. We know there are more girls who could turn out, and the Seniors are counting on you.

With their faculty team, it is highly probable they could win the 550 points which go with the Interfac basketball championship. Playing with the Golden Bears, they (unless the Senior basketball is their sole activity) contribute nothing toward the Bulletin Trophy in so far as their basketball ability is concerned. Only their sportsmanship and loyalty to the University as a whole and not to their faculty, keeps them from turning out for Interfac when the Varsity needs them. True, personal glory, added convenience and stiffer competition are factors, but only to those who are cinches to be regulars. Why not adopt Stan Moher's proposal? (The M.A.B. defeated his motion.) Stan suggested that 550 points be divided amongst the Senior players, and awarded to the faculties to which the men belong. This would give recognition to the fact that the Bulletin Trophy chances are jeopardized by men playing senior, and also to the fact that the faculty does have those athletes who are capable of representing the University and who for that very reason cannot earn points for their faculty. Think it over.

One of the Interfac rules caught our eye. A player who participates in two senior games is ineligible to Interfac. But to play a "game" a player must see at least 20 minutes of action. What if he plays in three games, appearing for only 15 minutes each time? Not one of them could count as a "game." Or do they mean that after 40 minutes of senior basketball, a player is ineligible to play Interfac? Personally, in this case we'd be in favor of the man remaining eligible.

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Outdoor Club To Split Wood

The construction of a toboggan run at the hill is progressing well. Members should get down and see what's cooking. Work parties every Saturday and Sunday are well under way.

To obtain your membership card, get your name on the list with your contribution. The list is down at the Cabin. Norman Hollies is making up the membership cards from this list. If your name is already down, you can get your card from Norman now.

There is a whole load of wood just waiting to be split. We hope all strong-armed male members will take the hint!

Badminton

Friday Night at Normal School (No. 4 I.T.S.) Gym

copped 17 points for his endeavor to lead the team's scoring.

Art Albert had 13, but most of these were acquired on shots from the side. He made half a dozen of this variety.

Manager Garth Evans and his men have made a good start in tough company.

Were you there, Charlie?

Lineups:
Golden Bears—McInnis (8), Sheckter (10), Switzer, Fergie (15), Steed (2), Manifold, Proctor (9), Nishio (3), PaPtching and James (47).
Quartermasters—Albert (13), Horowitz (17), Fowle (6), Culver, Ferrari, Ritacco, Sullivan, Glaser (2), R. Weil, S. Weil, and Barr (38).
Officials — McClocklin and Elefthery.

Flash

Varsity 36
U.S. HOSPITAL 49

DON'T FORGET

The Swimming Gala to be held Thursday, Nov. 25. Points will count towards the Bulletin Trophy.

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Theatre Directory

EMPRESS—Running for one week starting Friday, "Action in the North Atlantic," with Humphrey Bogart.

STRAND — Friday, Sat., Mon., "Springtime in the Rockies," Betty Grable and John Payne; also "Saddles and Sagebrush," Russell Hayden. Tues., Wed., Thurs., "Hers to Hold," Deanna Durbin and Joseph Cotten, plus "The Wolf Man," with Claude Rains.

GARNEAU—Friday, Sat., Mon., "Background to Danger," Humphrey Bogart and Brenda Marshall; also Frank Buck's "Jacare." Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., "Coney Island," Betty Grable, George Montgomery and Cesar Romero.

PRINCESS—Friday, Sat., "Flight for Freedom," Rosiland Russell and Fred MacMurray; also "Stardust on the Sage," with Gene Autry. Mon., Tues., Wed., "The Amazing Mrs. Holliday," Deanna Durbin and Edmond O'Brien; also "Hellzapin," with Olsen and Johnson and Martha Raye.

RIALTO—Friday, Sat., Mon., "Appointment in Berlin," George Sanders and Marguerite Chapman; also "Yanks Ahoy." Tues., Wed., Thurs., "Get Hep to Love," Donald O'Connor and Gloria Jean, plus "Keep Them Slugging," with the Dead End Kids.

VARSCONA—Friday, "Iceland," with Sonja Henie; also "The Law of the Tropics." Sat., Mon., Tues., "The Black Swan," with Tyrone Power and Maureen O'Hara. Wed., Thurs., Friday, "I Married an Angel," with Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, plus Joe Brown in "The Daring Young Man"; added Geopolitic Hitler's Plan.

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